

## **Talks Given at Funeral Service for Alexander Basil Darais**

### **Life Profile—Damon A. Darais (Son)**

#### **Frank Nackos (Friend and Colleague):**

I feel I am standing in for the thousands of students who have felt the profound influence of Alex Darais. My hope is that I can share their feelings as well as mine, although I felt a kinship with our Greek ancestry.

Design, aesthetics, form, function, integrity—all are concepts quite foreign to young students as they begin to learn about the arts. Somehow these concepts must be grasped in order to become outstanding artists and designers. Brother Darais brought these concepts alive for those fortunate enough to study under him. He was the stimulus that gave his students an aesthetic birth to really understand deeply the meaning of art and life.

Alex Darais was a great teacher. He didn't teach facts and figures, tactics or compromises, or how to sell or exploit. Fashions and trends meant nothing to him, except when they exhibited poor taste; then he would point them out mercilessly. One department store he would take his students to in order to analyze and critique the design of everyday items asked him not to return because they were fearful he would influence customers from buying those products.

As one of his students, I appreciated his willingness to take seriously whatever a student produced. Each piece would be appreciated for something and then questions asked, many questions. He didn't tell you what to do, and he never belittled anyone. His teaching process was to have you think beyond the obvious, the ordinary, the mundane—and help you to analyze what you created, what it meant, and consider the alternatives available, not to make it more complex but more meaningful.

He helped his students to find freedom from trends and the fashion of the day. Alex exhibited this in his own life. His clothing, the colors, patterns, materials, the width of his tie—all of these things he carefully analyzed in relationship to his body and how it would fit. That went also for his house, his autos, his eyeglasses, etc., etc. And sometimes he hung onto some of those things a long time and kept those automobiles running just to keep those lines in front of him. Many people he worked with on projects learned a lot about thoughtfulness and especially patience.

He was a purist in the pure sense of the word. Alex not only taught but also lived design. Every element meant something, and each was part of an orderly whole. I remember well the process he went through to build the fence around his backyard. He didn't study a plan—he planned. Everything was considered: the slope of the ground, the materials, the size of nails, distances between the fence slats were analyzed as a relationship to the width of the slats and where each nail should be placed. He saw a wonderful design element to be gained by not driving the nails completely in but leaving them projecting a precise amount. Measuring devices were created to keep all in order so that there was unity, balance, a unique character, and beauty. It was a beautiful fence but very time-consuming, and I wondered if Norma wondered if it would ever get done, but it was done, and beautifully done.

He was sensitive to all things in the visual, auditory, and tactile environment whether natural, man-made, or accidental. He even saw a stain on a tablecloth and had to have one of the students get up and photograph that. He was so aware of everything about him. His

important and thought-provoking collage/painting titled *Over 3 Billion Served* was a result of his genius to see something very significant in what we would look at as litter. Alex was an “expressionist” whose vision came from his sensitive personal feelings, deep observations, and experiences. His desire wasn’t to record things or events, but to evoke feelings and meanings about them. In his art, graphics, poetry, and music, he awoke new awareness in people. He is a great artist, and his art will continue to express his special vision.

All that is wonderful, but the most important thing he taught me by his example is what’s truly meaningful in life. He was a righteous man. As much as he loved art, the love of his family and his relationship to God came first. I realized that the first time I visited Alex and Norma and their children in their old home on University Avenue. That was many years back, and I walked in there and the feeling was so wonderful. He even admired some of the drawings the kids had on the wall, and I thought it was so wonderful that he put the kids before that wall. This was his great lesson to me. This is his eternal glory, his eternal legacy.

We will all die, and we will leave behind vestiges of our lives, but what’s important is what we take with us: our integrity, our service to others, our righteousness in the sight of God, and the eternal love of our family. Alex did great. He is loved by many. The gospel he lived is true. Jesus is our Savior. This is what Alex lived for and this is his eternal reward—to be able to enter into the kingdom of God. I feel that is really true. I know that these things are true, and I bear witness of it in the name of our Savior, Jesus Christ, amen.

#### **Andrea Clara Darais (Daughter):**

I feel like Dad would say, “I sure appreciate that, Frank.” I can just hear his voice in my mind.

I would like to share something of Dad’s affinity for beauty, for people, and for the gospel. Dad had a near oceanic depth in his love for beauty and for poetry, for nature, even for the change of seasons. I thought it was rather appropriate that the morning he passed on there was a chill breath of autumn in the air drifting through his open window. I thought that he would really like that.

For years my dad would create an extra beauty for seasonal traditions. He could make the most amazing wise, rickety witches. He would just pull them—and beautiful black Halloween cats—right out of his hand. And come Easter time he would turn, in a bowl of dye, the most elegant Easter eggs year after year. We have actually made beautiful Easter eggs together nearly every year. So the seasons have an added beauty for me because of my father.

I remember keeping up with him (sometimes having to run alongside him) with his long strides as we would walk through the snow and look at the whiteness and snow sculptures, the beautiful snow sculptures of winter. These were common traditions—but Dad rendered them and the seasons uncommon by his love of beauty.

Dad had a love for nature, in part, because he thought that it taught forcibly the principles and elements of art. He loved talking about the principles and elements. I’m sure you have noticed on your program the nautilus. That nautilus shell to him is so beautiful because it represents balance and symmetry—and repetition, which he would say brings about rhythm. That shell so beautifully represents the principles of art.

Then, to talk about the elements of art such as line, color, texture, Dad was always talking about the lineal pattern of branches against the sky or the tactile quality of things;

rusted metals, rock, the texture of concrete—with its typically bleached hues—pleased him. I think he was highly partial to texture. A lot of his paintings have much to do with texture. Dad's love of natural beauty powered his paintbrush and invigorated his imagination and his soul.

As for Dad's love of people, I'm sure all of you who know him know that he has a very, very understanding heart. Every now and then he would refer to mortal challenges as "the human predicament." I loved hearing him say that. He would talk about it and kind of knit his brows and talk about the human predicament. Whether or not he agreed with someone who was confiding in him, whether he disagreed with maybe their attitude or the choices they were making, I can hear him in my mind often saying, "I can appreciate that. I can really appreciate that." I think as long as I live I will hear that in my mind, because it really shows the depth of his understanding and a reluctance to judge.

Daddy's understanding heart made so many people familiar to him just immediately. My sister was talking about the people he would meet in his daily walk of life: a shoe salesman, people who sell clothing, a printer—different people who would become lifelong friends that he would just happen to meet. One of my favorites—he was always referring even to people he didn't know—was his referring to "Johnny Denver" as though they were intimate friends. He liked his music so well that he would call him "Johnny," and I would think, "Now do you know Johnny Denver?" But he just felt like he had such rapport with people in general.

Dad, with his understanding heart, had a great optimism. He was a hopeless optimist—or should I say, hopeful optimist. I think most of you really know that. That optimism made him an idealist; he would really see the best in people. I think people trusted in that, and so they would confide in him their challenges because that optimism was so genuine and always in their behalf. My sister said the other day what we have many times said: "I don't think I've ever heard Daddy say one unkind thing about anyone."

Along with that, I would say that his optimism gave his humor wings, elevated his humor. He could be so silly and rather corny. My Daddy could be as corny as anybody but so playful. He loved to play with words. A few days before he departed, I was sitting over him, and it was the sweetest thing. He was trying to tell me in a very courteous way that it was time for him to take a little nap. He was starting to drift off, and he said, "Andrea, I think I'm going to take a 10-inch nap." I said, "Daddy, 10 inches?" I started laughing, and he caught himself. He was kind of cute and he said, "I wonder how long that is." It is quintessential of my father, because he just loved to twist and play with words and there is something very interesting about that.

One other quality I will briefly mention, just to show how oftentimes he was working artistic puzzles out in his mind, composing things. When I was a child and wanted to feel close to him and try to get in his thoughts, I would follow him around and he would say, very absentmindedly, "Well, I'll tell you what I'm going to do . . .," and I would be baited. I would be interested and I'd ask, "Daddy, what are you going to do?" He wouldn't be thinking, and he'd say, "Well, I'll tell you what I'm going to do. . . ." I would get impatient and say, "Daddy, *what* are you going to do?" He was still absent, and he would say with the sweetest, warm voice, "I'll tell you what I'm going to do, Andrea." My childhood impatience could barely stand it, and I never found out what he was going to do, but I'm sure he had resolved an entire composition problem in his thoughts while he was going through the repetition of our little ritual. He had a delightful sense of humor.

With his love of beauty and of people, Dad did have a true love of the gospel. My sweet sister the other day said, “Andrea, Dad was a perfect gentleman.” That just resonates with me. We have said that many times. It’s nothing new, but that just resonated so deeply with me. I had to kind of backtrack a little and say, “Okay, why was he the picture of a perfect gentleman?” I would say that he has an inherent modesty, a gratitude and integrity, that gives good form to the word *gentleman*.

Daddy’s modesty always wished to credit powers beyond his comprehension. He held nature and technology in perfect awe. He was always looking at cell phones and saying, “I can’t believe it!” in that beautiful voice. “It’s such a miracle, and we take it all for granted.” I can just hear that.

As Frank said, his greatest awe and his greatest wonder were directed toward his Creator. I will never forget when we sat with Dad in the hospital toward the end of June relating to him, because he didn’t quite understand, the criticality of his situation. We would say, “Daddy, you have pulled through some very serious surgeries.” We almost lost him after a surgery back in June, and we would say, “You have really pulled through amazingly. You are a brave man.” With a weak and beautiful arm (and it is beautiful because it is my father’s) he would point up and he would give the right credit to Heavenly Father. Almost every time we would tell him how brave and how well he had done, he would point up, silently acknowledging God’s gracious care.

Because of Dad’s modesty, because of his integrity, I think it was very easy for the Holy Ghost to work with him. When it came time to search for a life’s faith he could follow, he read one passage in the Book of Mormon and was so overwhelmed by the Spirit that he knew there was something there that he should investigate. He would say many, many times—and my siblings have all heard this—he would quote Keats from “Ode to a Grecian Urn.” He would say,

*Beauty is truth and Truth beauty, that is all  
Ye know on earth and all ye need to know.*

I would say the beautiful truths of the gospel of Jesus Christ meant everything to my father. He has said so many times, “I don’t know where I would be without the gospel.”

I love you, my Daddy!

### **Marcus A. Darais (Son):**

Thanks, Stacey. That is an impossible act to follow! A beautiful song beautifully sung! There is a beautiful spirit here, brothers and sisters.

I have the opportunity, as one of the biggest fans of Dad’s poetry, to relay a few of his poems to you today. That is a big mistake. There was some discussion in the family about how long we should take, and you give me a big audience and Dad’s book here, and—you guys didn’t have anything to do this afternoon did you?

There is such a special spirit here. There is some poetry that I was going to go over, but I’m going to skip a couple of those and go right to one called “Dumb Bunnies.” I don’t know if that is appropriate for today, so I am going to go to one of Dad’s, I think, favorite poems, one of his really pretty ones. It contains some very plain messages and some simple

ones, and maybe you could say it relates to the Resurrection. It is called "Spring Courier" and it was written back in January 22, 1947, so it is an old poem.

*The river now has drawn a sheet  
Of white above her head,  
And lies so still, as if the chill  
Of winter struck her dead.*

*The murmur of her pulse has ceased,  
Her limbs are stiff and white,  
And when I see the tragedy  
I'm saddened by the sight.*

*But then the past reminds me that  
She only sleeps instead,  
And soon the spring again will bring  
Her rising from her bed.*

*The warming air will make her turn  
And toss beneath her wrap  
Until at length with surging strength  
She rises from her nap.*

*Then will she fling her covers back  
And blinking in the sun,  
Sing out again to hill and glen  
That springtime has begun!*

Dad noticed details and things with his eyes that only the eyes of an artist could see, with a sensitivity most of us can scarcely imagine or appreciate. He had fun with things. He wrote a poem called "In Looking Up," and it is just a little short one.

*Clouds are so white and soft to me,  
So want-to-jump-in and pillowy.  
So white and soft, it makes me wonder  
How they can bump and make it thunder!*

I discovered another poem that I really grew to love while I was sitting with Dad in the hospital. It is called "Summer Cruise." This is another little short one.

*I read a sonnet in a book  
That swung my anchor free;  
It sang of rolling oceans  
And islands of the sea.*

*My heart was so elated by*

*The voyage that it took,  
I tried to write a poem like  
The sonnet in the book.*

*I found a brand-new pencil  
And poked my idle head,  
But all it did was yawn and stretch  
And settle back in bed.*

*Oh, well, I finally muttered,  
Why work this summer day?  
It's far more fun to sail a ship  
Than build one anyway.*

Besides sharing his talents for art and poetry and details for beauty, Dad really understood how important it was to share, especially with those of us that he loved. He wrote another poem called "Sharing," and I think my sisters will appreciate this one more than anybody. This was written back in February 1982.

*"Daddy! Oh, Daddy, hurry!  
Come and look at the sunset.  
Hurry, before it's too late."  
How could I ever forget  
My daughter's eager request?  
Sunsets always look their best,  
It seems, when you share one.  
How crucial it is to respond  
To these simple requests  
Before the sun goes down.*

A simple message of beauty and sharing. Dad understood how precious time was. He was no couch potato. There are some poems on that, but I won't go into that now. But he wrote a poem that is aptly called "Epitaph," and it would be appropriate to read today I think.

*When I am dead,  
Don't put a granite tombstone  
On my head.  
Instead,  
Put there a battered clock  
That beats no more;  
For minutes make the racing pulse of time;  
And I have murdered minutes by the score.  
My crime  
Will weigh more than a tombstone  
Wrought of lead  
Upon my head.*

I can say that Dad did waste very little time. I don't think we are going to have to find that clock.

As I stood in the line and visited with the different people who came through, I heard that Dad was a wonderful teacher. I asked Norm for this quote. I think I got it from him once before for a talk that I gave, but it reminds me so much of Dad. It is a quote by Henry Adams, and I think it is really appropriate for today: "A teacher affects eternity. He can never tell where his influence stops."

I think we can say that for our dad.

But Dad had a lot of fun with different things. I will just read a little bit of this poem called "Compensation." I think Mom will enjoy this. It was written back in February 1979.

*Some say I'm absentminded,  
And that is partly true;  
Sometimes it seems I do forget  
The things I ought to do—*

*Like keeping some appointment,  
Or taking out the trash,  
Returning books long overdue,  
Remembering to cash*

*A check, or make a payment,  
Or where I parked the car,  
Or leaving it and walking home,  
Or where my glasses are.*

It goes on, but he finishes it this way:

*Besides, my wife defends me,  
She thinks it's kind of nice,  
For when it's time to kiss goodbye,  
I often do it twice.*

Another poem that he wrote really hit home to me because of a situation in the hospital. This is called "In Getting Old."

*Lose your teeth and lose your hair,  
Lose the very shirt you wear  
In a risky business deal;  
Even lose your sex appeal,  
If you must, still I won't care.  
Just don't lose the smile you wear.*

*Lose them, dear, in getting old,*

*Lose them all, still I won't scold.  
I will love you just the same  
And won't burden you with blame.  
Keep your humor at all cost;  
Otherwise the best is lost.*

Let me read you what I wrote shortly after an experience in the ICU with Dad. I wrote this in my book: "I was reading this poem thinking about Dad in the ICU, still very much in pain. He was just taken off the ventilator and could barely talk. All he could say was, 'Dry,' in a very raspy voice. But to show that he had not lost his sense of humor, and with great difficulty, he sang, 'How dry I am.' It was all he could do to do that. I'm sure that he could look around and see the worried faces of each of his children there that were very attentive. He did not lose his sense of humor, and he thought that was important."

It is a dramatic understatement to say our father had a great love for my mother (to some of you your grandmother or even great-grandmother, I guess). She is a great mother. This is reflected in many of his poems actually, but one in particular. I think he wrote this back in June of 1981 when Mom had left to visit her mother.

#### *Absence*

*Recall this loneliness her absence brings  
That kindles once again the blaze that burned,  
For she will soon be here, and you may then  
Forget the bitter lesson that you learned.*

*It is so trite and yet so very true  
That we prize most the things we hold so dear  
When they are gone and not when they are near.*

*Someday no sweet reunion may ensue.  
Oh, help me then to love her while she's here!*

I think Dad did that.

As Dad got closer and closer to parting from this life, I don't think he was frightened in the least. During trying times in the hospital, as Andrea alluded to, he would acknowledge our Heavenly Father, who was giving him strength when he couldn't speak. He did that by pointing up, as she said. He recognized the source of this strength many years before when he wrote a poem called "Light" back in 1979.

*When I was small my father left the light  
Quite often in the hallway burning bright,  
And I would sleep contented through the night,  
Assured that everything would be all right.*

*Now that I'm old I have another fright  
As darkness slowly presses on my sight,*



*But once again my father sees my plight,  
And banishes the darkness with his light.*

As most of you know, I was not here when my father passed away; I was in the Wind Rivers camping with my son, Christopher. I had backpacked about 10 miles in and I was sending Debbie a text message that we were doing fine when I got this broken phone call, and she said that Dad wasn't doing well. There was no way that I could physically get out that day and so I hiked into the camp, and the next day I tried to hike to a tall mountain and get another cell phone call out, but I couldn't. So I rested up a day and hiked all the way out on Friday. But as I was hiking out, I was noticing flowers and different things, and I was thinking of my father. I had a premonition, I think, that he was no longer with us but that he must be having a wonderful reunion with his sister and brother and mother and others that he loved. Dad had a real love for his mother. He titled his book *Little Bird* after a poem that he wrote about his mother. This was written back in May of 1947.

*When I was a boy,  
My mother  
Would draw me  
A bird,  
A simple little bird.  
And, to me at least,  
That bird was the most  
Beautiful bird  
I had ever heard.*

*Now that she is gone,  
After all these years  
The song of that bird,  
That simple little bird,  
Comes winging  
Through the smiles  
And tears,  
Loud and clear,  
Loud and clear.*

Dad has left us the same legacy. In fact, he has left his signature in each of us. He so aptly put this in a poem called "Signature," written back in February 26, 1980.

*A happy artist, I have found,  
Who labors with his mind and heart,  
In true humility and love,  
Will leave his soul print on his art.*

Dad has left his soul print not only in his art but in the hearts of each one of us. I'm so thankful for that. Thanks, Dad.

### **Christopher B. Darais (Son):**

They left me last, and I can tell you I am going to have a hard time getting through this. I think I'm the tallest, and I'll probably be the biggest boob, too. This is the time I need my father.

I try to keep telling myself that this is like when I have sent four missionaries out. If you have been to the MTC, you know you can stand and talk and talk and talk, but it doesn't make it any easier when they go out that door and you go out this door. But the nice thing is I can bear testimony that I know I will see him again. Trust me, I know that the greatest blessings for him lie ahead because of the life he has lived.

I know I took more art classes from him than any other art teacher over there at BYU. He always loved to come in on the whiteboard and draw a walking eye in one fell swoop, and he would do it perfectly each time. He wanted us students to each be a walking eye. He wanted us to see the beauty in life, the beauty in people, and beauty in things around us. I'm still learning, Dad.

Frank talked about perfection. Dad was a perfectionist. I've kind of paraphrased a saying I really like, and it would have worked for my dad beautifully: "Perfect is good enough."

Talking about the fence, I helped many hours on that fence Frank talked about. If a fencepost had been poured in concrete one day and Dad came out the next day and saw that for some reason it had moved an eighth of an inch, he would have me dig clear around the fencepost, move it an eighth of an inch, and repour the cement. Up to seven bags of cement are in the fencepost in the courtyard. Frank didn't tell you about the nails that I would meticulously center in each slat. He had me also look at the nail head, and if you have ever noticed, they are not always round but more of an egg shape. Dad liked the major access going up and down.

I can also remember not getting a good stick spanking one time when I was a youngster. I will probably mess up the story a little bit, but as a youngster when we lived down on 409 North University Avenue I had taken a hammer and knocked off a lot of the corners of the brick on the house we were renting. My dad was able to repair the bricks with some mortar and his oil paints, and to this day I still can't tell exactly which bricks I hit on that corner they were so perfectly done.

I like what my mom said (she will probably kind of scold me for using it). She said Dad married her because he was a perfectionist. She said she married him because she wasn't. But I can assure you that my mom helped him become a perfectionist in his life. I think women do that for us, don't they.

As I have gotten older I've come to know my dad wasn't a perfectionist. It is amazing how having six children teaches you so many things in life.

But he taught me something that has come to mind more and more when I find myself daily pondering life a lot more. He taught me the love and the Atonement of my Savior; for without Dad—without his taking the time to be taught by the missionaries—I wouldn't know my Savior.

My dad amplified these examples daily by the ringing of the bell for family prayer. I have sat in many of his art classes when he would bear testimony of our Heavenly Father and Christ before he would teach the art. That was primary to him.

I also admired him for the love that he had for his family and the respect I needed to learn about my mother.

I have become very much aware how much I like Heber J. Grant. When I was a youngster I remember seeing his picture in many of the rooms of the chapels, and I thought he was the orneriest looking prophet we had ever had. I didn't know him personally. My dad wouldn't have judged him that way, but as a youngster I said, "I wouldn't like to know that fellow." But once I read the priesthood manual, I grew to love him, I think, probably more than any other prophet we have had because he thinks like me. If I can read one quote from him:

*The all-important thing for you and me is to discover whether we are walking in the straight and narrow path that leads to life eternal, and if we are not, wherein have we allowed the adversary to blind our minds and to cause us to depart from that path which will lead us back into the presence of God? Each one should search his own heart to find out wherein he has failed [my dad would do that], and then he should diligently seek our Heavenly Father for assistance of His Holy Spirit, that he may come back into the straight path.*

*It has been said . . . that we are not doing all we can. I do not believe [and this is what struck home to me because I find myself falling into this category] that any man lives up to his ideals, but if we are striving, if we are working, if we are trying, to the best of our ability, to improve day by day, then we are in the line of our duty. If we are seeking to remedy our own defects, if we are so living that we can ask God for light, for knowledge, for intelligence, and above all for His Spirit, that we may overcome our weaknesses, then, I can tell you, we are in the straight and narrow path that leads to life eternal; then we need have no fear.*

I wrote a little note in the back of this: "This is the road to perfection."

If I could just add a couple more things here to show you how he is still teaching his son—me—personally. It wasn't too long ago, maybe two or three months ago, that I stopped by to say goodnight to Mom and Dad. And Mom was in the bathroom. I found my dad kneeling at the foot of his bed. If you know my dad, you know he had a hard time in later years carrying on a very meaningful conversation for very long. But I found him there kneeling and praying for five to 10 minutes. He was still in communication, still seeking the Spirit of our Father in Heaven. He was in the line of his duty; he was seeking that perfection. Dad, you are still teaching.

If I can I'll end on one other thing. (I can use this as a little bit of humor. Maybe it will help me out a little bit.) Please turn to your scriptures, to the C&D—not the D&C but the C&D (that is Chris Darais). I don't know if you have any of those scriptures in front of you. I altered mine a little bit, and this is something I have thought about and pondered. I believe the Spirit has borne witness of this to me, but I won't profess it to be doctrine (especially when I have a General Authority sitting behind me). But let me read it the way I wrote it:

"When it was my time to come to earth, God gave a choice of which family I would like to be born into, because of how I kept my first estate, knowing only who married, and knowing what sibling had gone before, not knowing what kind of life they were living here

on earth, but knowing them in the preexistence. Dad, Mom, Norman, I chose you after much prayer and fasting. Thanks for remembering to walk in the footsteps of our Savior. Dad, Mom, I love you both.”

I say this humbly in the name of Jesus Christ, amen.

**Bishop Paul Allen:**

Sister Darais, brothers and sisters, it is a humbling responsibility to stand today and give some remarks. I have grown to love this man more in the last few days than in the 12 years that we have been neighbors. I have learned a great deal from him as I have gotten to know him through his family and through his students, and even today. I have appreciated some heartfelt discussions with Andrea the last few days. She claims to be a lot like her father, and if that is true, I see such love of beauty and such passion and such truth in her, and so I am grateful to get to know Alex through Andrea.

I have chosen a verse from the Book of Mormon for my text today that I believe perfectly reflects the life of Brother Darais. It says in 2 Nephi 31:13:

*Wherefore, my beloved brethren, I know that if ye shall follow the Son, with full purpose of heart, acting no hypocrisy and no deception before God, but with real intent, repenting of your sins, witnessing unto the Father that ye are willing to take upon you the name of Christ, by baptism—yea, by following your Lord and your Savior down into the water, according to his word, behold, then shall ye receive the Holy Ghost; yea, then cometh the baptism of fire and of the Holy Ghost; and then can ye speak with the tongue of angels, and shout praises unto the Holy One of Israel.*

I want to discuss that verse with you today and the life of Brother Darais.

We live in a society where culture and fashion and fad get in the way of true, heartfelt conversation. Most talk is small talk. We live in an artificial world in a lot of ways. I’ve learned from Andrea that Brother Darais did not like veneers; he did not like artificial things. He liked what was real. His key words were *authenticity* and *integrity*. He wanted something to be the same inside and out. He had a love of what was genuine and what was real. The Savior did too. The Savior often condemned in harsh words those who were one thing on the outside, trying to pretend or to appear to be a certain thing, trying to deceive others to get what they wanted. He condemned that. But He praised those who were without guile, who didn’t act hypocritically or with any deception or intent to deceive or pretend. As I have gotten to know Brother Darais in the last little while, I have never met a man who had less guile and less hypocrisy and less deception.

In the opening prayer today, Danny said, “Let’s celebrate the life of our grandfather by becoming more like him.” So, brothers and sisters, as the Book of Mormon text indicates, I invite all of us to follow the Son, the Son of God, with full purpose of heart, with the kind of passion for truth and passion for beauty and passion for integrity that Brother Darais felt his entire life, acting no hypocrisy before God and no deception but with real intent, repenting of our sins, trying to make those little improvements day by day with our Father in Heaven; and then can we speak with the tongue of angels. Today we have heard the beautiful poetry that Brother Darais could create. Brothers and sisters, that is the tongue of angels. He spoke with an integrity, with a love for Father in Heaven, with a love for Jesus Christ.

Everything in his art reflected the truth that we will only find in eternity, the truth that is masked so often by our physical bodies and our outward appearance and the small talk of our daily interactions with one another.

I have gained a great love for the authenticity of Alex Darais and for his family and for the love that they clearly have for one another. I saw one of the sons today hugging an aunt as she walked into the viewing room, and it made me think of the joy of reunion that awaits everyone who is authentic, who really knows who they are: children of God, sent here to have spiritual experiences in a physical body. We are having a physical experience and we are spiritual beings. That is the truth! That is what we really are! Brother Darais knew that and lived that and loved that.

My wife and I went to the Shakespeare Festival on Friday, and after we saw this remarkable play, I called Andrea and we talked for quite a while, maybe half an hour. She said, “It may not be a coincidence that you saw that play, Bishop.” So I want to tell you a little bit about *Candida*, by George Bernard Shaw, because I found some beautiful gospel parallels in this very marvelous and very painful play.

A Christian pastor lives in Great Britain around the turn of the century. Every night he goes out to preach, and he preaches Christian socialism. He is the happiest man alive according to himself. He thinks he has the perfect marriage. He is in great demand every night to speak and to preach because he is so flowery, and he can stir people up into a frenzy about these wonderful socialistic goals that he has in mind. Then a 20-year-old poet shows up, a 20-year-old poet who speaks the truth. He comes into the home and becomes very friendly with this pastor’s wife and is in many scenes speaking the truth as only poets and artists can. The Christian pastor, over the course of two or three very painful acts, discovers that his life is a sham; it is all for show. There is nothing real about it. There is no reality in the love that he thought he had between him and his wife. It was all outward appearance—nothing real, nothing internal. Everything he did he did to impress.

In stark contrast, I think Alex was more like the poet, who spoke the truth all the time and opened the eyes of those around him to the falseness, the veneers, the facades that so often get in the way of real relationships, real honesty, and real happiness. As they say, Alex was the “genuine article.”

Now to conclude, can I ask, “What can we learn? How can we be more like Brother Alex Darais?” One of his students told me yesterday that he was the greatest artist in Utah, that had he lived somewhere else he could have been internationally famous—he would have gone head-to-head with Picasso. But rather than continue to produce art at the same level that he had in his earlier years, he turned his attention to a different kind of art: his students. He produced students who loved him, who loved his faith in God, who loved his walking eye, and who tried to be like him.

In what ways can we be like Alex Darais, brothers and sisters? It is very clear to me that Brother Darais was a happy man because he was authentic; he was real. If we can be just as authentic and just as real, our relationship with our Father in Heaven can be just as sweet. If we can strip away the veneers, the facades, the falseness of so many of our interactions—even the avoidance of conflict because we bury what is in our hearts and aren’t willing to share—if we can tear that away, then our relationship with our spouses can become as real and as honest and as eternal as the one that Alex and Norma will enjoy for eternity. As Elder Perry said recently, the most beautiful words in the world are “for time and all eternity.”

We can have a happy oneness with our family and with our God if we can be as real, as authentic, as Brother Alex Darais. At age 20, like the poet in Shaw's *Candida*, Alex Darais found the truth. He found Heavenly Father and Jesus Christ and the restored gospel of Jesus Christ, which led him to make sacred covenants in the temple with his sweetheart, which, because of his life well lived, now give him the promise of an eternal marriage and an eternal family.

We can all learn, brothers and sisters, from the example of Brother Darais. We can celebrate his life by becoming more like him. As the Apostle Paul said, "Follow me, even as I follow the Lord Jesus Christ."

It is my prayer, brothers and sisters, that we will follow the wonderful example of this good man, acting no hypocrisy and no deception before God, but with real intent, repenting of our sins, being real toward each other, being authentic, having integrity as this great poet, this great artist, has taught all of us.

I bear testimony that Jesus Christ is the resurrected Son of our Eternal Father in Heaven, and that through Him, through faith on His name, all of us can have eternal life if we repent and follow the Son with full purpose of heart. I bear this witness in the name of Jesus Christ, amen.